

The Commoner.

education, or of wealth cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of heaven, and the fruits of superior industry, economy and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law."

In commenting upon these words I said:

"We yield to none in our devotion to the doctrine just enunciated. Our campaign has not for its object the reconstruction of society. We cannot insure to the vicious the fruits of a virtuous life; we would not invade the home of the provident in order to supply the wants of the spendthrift; we do not propose to transfer the rewards of industry to the lap of indolence. Property is and will remain the stimulus to endeavor and the compensation for toil."

On that occasion I not only quoted as above from Jackson's veto message, (with which the Times will doubtless agree) but also that part which draws the line between legitimate rewards and illegitimate wealth. If Jackson had stopped with the words above quoted he would be more popular today with the newspapers which construe as an attack upon property every effort to protect the people from injustice; but he added:

"But when the laws undertake to add to those natural and just advantages artificial distinctions—to grant titles, gratuitous and exclusive privileges—to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful—the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors for themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government."

I have never been able to find in the writings of any statesman or philosopher, living or dead, a clearer definition of the democratic position. I have never found a democrat who dissented from Jackson's statement on this subject.

In accepting the democratic nomination in 1900 these views were reiterated, as will be seen by the following extract from my Indianapolis speech:

"The democratic party is not making war upon the honest acquisition of wealth; it has no desire to discourage economy, industry and thrift. On the contrary, it gives to every citizen the greatest possible stimulus to honest toil when it promises him protection in the enjoyment of the proceeds of his labor. Property rights are most secure when human rights are most respected. Democracy strives for a civilization in which every member of society will share according to his merits. No one has a right to expect from society more than a fair compensation for the service which he renders to society. If he secures more it is at the expense of some one else. It is no injustice to him to prevent his doing injustice to another. To him who would, either through class legislation or in the absence of necessary legislation, trespass upon the rights of another the democratic party says, 'Thou shalt not.'"

This speech was widely circulated during the campaign and no democrat has ever complained to me of the sentiment expressed.

The democratic party does not expect to destroy poverty, because poverty can never be destroyed until the members of the human race so nearly approach perfection in thought, and act, that they will not incur the penalties prescribed for the violation of natural laws. The democratic party is protesting against those things which interfere with the natural distribution of rewards and punishments. It

is protesting against legislation which gathers from millions in order to give an undeserved advantage to hundreds, or at most, thousands. The principles of the party, whether applied to the tariff question, the money question, the trust question, the question of imperialism or to any other question, are intended to secure equal rights to all and to deny special privileges to any. Equality in rights does not mean equality in possessions or equality in enjoyment. A man may have a right to the proceeds of his toil, but if he does not toil there will be no proceeds, or if he toils without intelligence to direct his toil the proceeds will be less than if he toils with intelligence. Every man has a right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but he can make his life worthless, he can be indifferent to his liberty, and he can so act as to secure misery instead of happiness. Human rights are equal before the law, but the rewards ought to be in proportion to virtue, to industry and to discretion.

The position of the democratic party has been so plainly stated that no one can give a valid excuse for not understanding it, and my own position has been stated so often that no one who cares to know it need be in doubt.

Three Cheers For Liberty

The New York Journal gives three cheers and a tiger for liberty. The occasion of the Journal's jubilation is the contemplation of a recent abuse of authority in Havana. The Journal explains its exuberance thus:

The captain of the port in a town occupied by American troops seems to be an exceedingly formidable personage. It was for lese majeste against the captain of the port of Manila that Editor Rice was banished from the Philippines by General MacArthur without trial.

Even more summary methods seem to be in vogue at Havana. There the captain of the port, when his dignity was offended by two Cuban editors, summoned them before him and forthwith sentenced one of them to thirty days' and the other to sixty days' imprisonment at hard labor. He based these sentences on the ground that a certain article in the paper with which the culprits were connected was an insult to himself. Neither of the men imprisoned had written the article.

And yet the ungrateful Cubans pretend not to enjoy American liberty!

A Courageous Preacher.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., deserves credit for his courageous denunciation of stock gambling. In a recent sermon he thus condemns the speculators, big and little:

"The evils of drink are familiar to you. There are other evils. But the greatest peril is the insane spirit of gambling which seems to have taken hold of the people, irrespective of social standing or religious belief. The insane desire to get rich quickly is at the bottom of it all. There is no difference between the newsboy who flips coins and the man in Wall street who buys stocks on margins on a chance that they will rise or fall. Both wish to get something for nothing; both are gamblers.

"The incessant gambling on all sports has wrought demoralization to the country. Horse racing is one of the noblest of sports, but it has been degraded and bestialized by gambling. Every

Saturday afternoon you see at the race tracks thousands of working girls and men who have families to support, crazy with the intoxication of gambling. As each race is run they stand up, a yelling, cursing, purple faced, brutalized gang.

"From the tiny lad selling newspapers on the street to men dwelling in a palace, the gambling spirit seems to have invaded all. Where is this thing going to end? It is time we called a halt and began to consider what things are really worth while."

Dr. Hillis' church is one of the rich and fashionable ones, and doubtless many of his pew-holders were included among the persons condemned. He is right in classing the market gambler with the less conspicuous players at games of chance. If the speculating mania is to be cured, reform must begin at the top.

The Gambling Mania.

On another page will be found a cartoon which recently appeared in the Boston Herald and which is reproduced in THE COMMONER by the kindness and courtesy of the Herald. It illustrates the results of the gambling mania better than they can be described by tongue or pen. It is gratifying to note that many metropolitan papers are beginning to realize that the term "business" is being used to describe a great deal that is vicious and immoral. The late flurry in Wall street has excited wide spread attention.

Ben Bolt.

[By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH]

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forestaved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.